



The Path to be a King



60 1 4

Chapter 1 by Isamu

Growing up in a small village wasn't exactly difficult, but it wasn't easy either. Everyone knew me or recognized me, now some people might think this is a good thing, I mean it's like being a celebrity right? Well unfortunately for me that's not the case. People remember the villains, just as much as they remember the heroes of a story. Don't get me wrong I am no villain. But the way some people treated me made would make you think I killed their dog. Adults openly mocking me, being alienated by the other children. Lying to my parents and other adults to get me in trouble. This isn't true for everyone I met, there were a few who treated me normally and were even people I could call friends.

Now if you are wondering what about my parents? They're a nice older couple. You see I was born rather late, an only child too. By the time I was born other parents the same age were soon retiring, and their children were already leaving home. My parents also had their own problems and weren't ones to make conflicts with others. I never wanted to try and trouble them much either. They never punished me for what they heard, but deep down they must have been disappointed. Hearing all of these bad things about their only child who they worked so hard to bring into this world. It's human nature, if you hear a rumor you think it just might be true.

Which made me wonder, what was so different about me? It can't be because of my face. My face I'd call it average, nothing special about it. A bit rounder than normal, no chiseled jawline. How I wish I had a chiseled jawline. The other boys my age who had that appearance, had the girls always swooning over them, it made me jealous. But I wasn't fat, not muscular either, simply average. Perhaps it's my personality? I was always really shy, I kept to myself. I'm not sure

when it started, but since I was little I was mostly alone. But there was just something about me that I haven't figured out yet.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Now I am at an age to leave. The experiences I had growing up made me desire was to become a better person. A person to be respected. A person

who can find a nice wife and make a nice family, a person who can make his parents proud of him. Also a person who can help others, and make sure they don't face the same difficulties I did growing up. The stories I hear about as a little kid there is only one type of person who has the power to make changes, can also be respected, and have a nice family. That person to me was always a hero and made me aspire to be one too. This is a story about my journey to become a King.

Chapter 2 by Daniel Rae



It all came about quite fast considering how long my early life felt. I moved far away, where no one knew my name, began working as a trapper with the only man who would hire me, knowing nothing about me, and actually started having a normal life. I never thought I would say this, but this is kinda boring. No one knows who I am, no one finds new things to call me, no one spreads rumors. So I decided to change that. I would stop being a trapper and become a hunter. I don't want to set up traps where I get no glory from a catch, I wanted to bring home a large deer and show it to everyone. I began by buying a nice recurve bow with the money I had saved up, and practicing. I had started out pretty bad but eventually I got the hang of it. I didn't miss the target but I rarely got a bulls-eye. But that all changed over a few days when a man found me practicing deep in the forest. He also had a recurve bow and he was a quite a lot more skilled than I was, considering he put an arrow straight through my hat without touching my head.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 50

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account